

No. 5.

BAL: 5510 Note  
NOT 1st Ed

New Edition.  
SONG OR QUARTETTE.

# BEN BOLT

A favorite

SONG

THE WORDS BY

T. Dunn English Esq.

THE MUSIC COMPOSED

& Respectfully Dedicated to

PETER LAWSON

R. SINCLAIR.

Plate M.

V. Dunn English

New York FIRTH, POND & CO, Franklin Square

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Sinclair  
1850

18972

## B E N   B O L T .

Composed by R. SINCLAIR.

VOICE.

PIANO dolce.

FORTE.

**2<sup>nd</sup> VERSE.** Un - -der the hick - o -ry tree, Ben Bolt, Which stood at the foot of the  
 O dont you re - mem - ber sweet Al - -ice,Ben Bolt, Sweet Al - -ice,with hair so  
 hill, To - - -geth - er we've lain in the noon - -day shade, And  
 brown, Who wept with de - light when you gave her a smile, And

list---en'd to Ap---pletons mill.

The mill - wheel has fall---en to

trembled with fear at your frown;

In the old church-yard, of the

pieces, Ben Bolt, The raf---ters have tum---bled in,

And a

valley, Ben Bolt, In a cor---ner ob---scure and a - lone,

They have

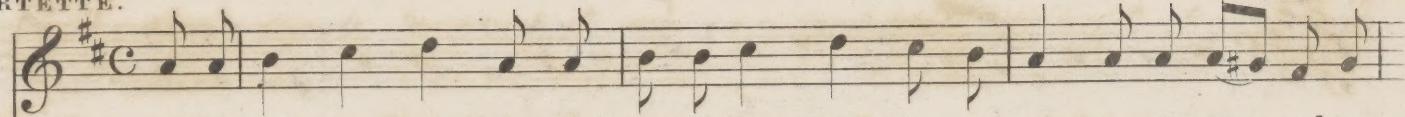
qui---et which crawls round the walls as you gaze, Has fol---low'd the old---en

fit---ted a slab of the gran---ite so gray, And Al---ice lies un---der the

din.

stone.

## QUARTETTE.



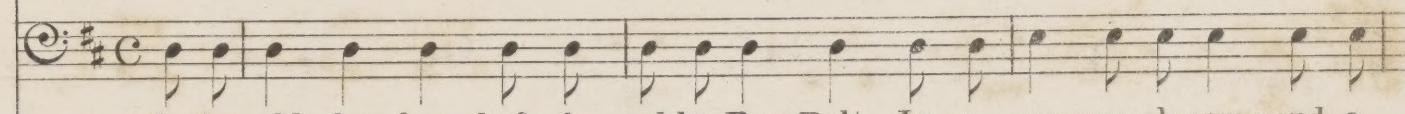
In the old church-yard of the valley, Ben Bolt, In a corner ob\_scure and a-



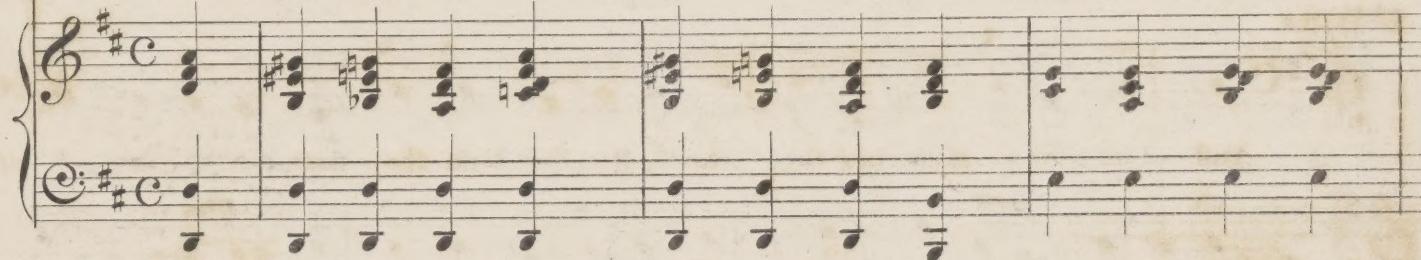
In the old church-yard of the valley, Ben Bolt, In a corner ob\_scure and a-



In the old church-yard of the valley, Ben Bolt, In a corner ob\_scure and a-



In the old church-yard of the valley, Ben Bolt, In a corner ob\_scure and a-



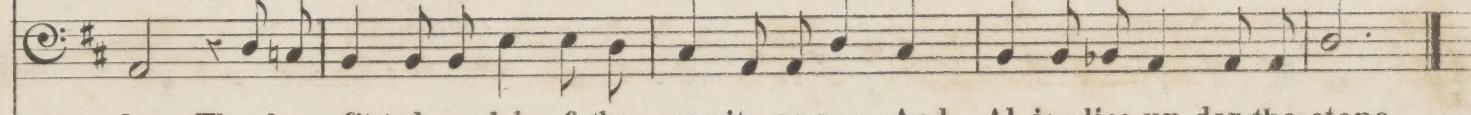
-lone, They have fit\_ted a slab of the granite so gray, And Al\_ice lies un\_der the stone.



-lone, They have fit\_ted a slab of the granite so gray, And Al\_ice lies un\_der the stone.



-lone, They have fit\_ted a slab of the granite so gray, And Al\_ice lies un\_der the stone.



-lone, They have fit\_ted a slab of the granite so gray, And Al\_ice lies un\_der the stone.



End with Sympheny.\*

3<sup>rd</sup> VERSE.

Do you mind the cab-in of logs, Ben Bolt, At the edge of the path-less  
 wood, And the button-ball tree with its mot-ley limbs, Which nigh by the door---step  
 stood? The cab-in to ruin has gone, Ben Bolt, The tree you would seek in  
 vain; And where once the lords of the fo-rest wav'd, Grow grass and the gold-en grain.

4<sup>th</sup> VERSE.

And dont you re-mem-ber the school, Ben Bolt, With the mas-ter so cru-el and  
 grim, And the sha-ded nook in the run-ning brook, Where the chil-dren went to  
 swim? Grass grows on the mas-ter's grave, Ben Bolt, The spring of the brook is  
 dry, And of all the boys that were schoolmates then There are only you and I.

5<sup>th</sup> VERSE.

There's a change in the things that I lov'd, Ben Bolt, They have chang'd from the old to the  
 new; But I feel in the core of my spi-rit the truth, That there ne-ver was change in  
 you: Twelve months twenty have pass'd, Ben Bolt, Since first we were friends, yet I  
 hail Thy presence a blessing, thy friendship a truth, Ben Bolt, of the salt-sea gale.

